

MADE IN CANADA

Used for making hard and soft soap, for softening water, for cleaning, disinfecting and for over 500 other purposes.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

## The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —  
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER V.

He bends over Mrs. Fermor's hand, glances at the graceful, languid figure on the couch, and then takes the chair which Mrs. Fermor has indicated, and in taking it turns it so that his side is almost presented to the said figure.

"First," he says, and at the depth of his musical voice Mrs. Fermor starts again, "permit me, madame, to apologize for a visit so late, and I am afraid you will think, so unceremonious."

"Not at all," murmurs poor Mrs. Fermor, weakly, and glancing timidly and imploringly at the inert figure, is Dulcie going to maintain that attitude during the whole of the interview? Is she going to take no part in it? It would seem so. Dulcie appears sublimely unconscious of the glance, and fans herself with delicately suggested feigning and abstraction.

"But," continues Sir Hugh, stroking his crush hat absently, "I am afraid I shall have to leave Rome early to-morrow, and I thought that so possibly early an hour would be more inconvenient than even this late one."

"I—I am an early riser," says Mrs. Fermor, hesitatingly. "I always have been, but perhaps my niece would not have been up," and she looks at "my niece," but Dulcie does not make any sign.

"And," says Sir Hugh, "the business is so important that I deemed it unwise to delay."

"Very kind," murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"The fact is," he says, "that I have just received a communication from my lawyer, conveyed to me by his confidential clerk, who has been following me about the Continent for the last fortnight, and only discovered, I may say, ran me down here to-night."

"Ran you down! Oh, yes; I understand," says poor Mrs. Fermor.

Why didn't Dulcie sit up and come forward?

"My lawyer," goes on Sir Hugh, keeping his eyes fixed steadily on the old lady, "has sent me a copy of Mr. Trevenion's will—here he takes out

"The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table—**'SEAL BRAND' COFFEE.**"

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

a roll of parchment from his pocket, but seeing the look of helpless vacancy that at once settles upon Mrs. Fermor's expressive countenance, he adds, kindly, "but I need not trouble you by reading it; I can give you the gist of it in a few words. Perhaps you know all about it already?"

"No, indeed," says Mrs. Fermor, "that is really what we do not know. We have an idea."

"Ah," he says with rather a sigh; he had hoped to have been spared the necessity of going into details. "Well, as you know, Mr. Trevenion and my father, the baronet, were very old friends; he married into the family, so that I was, in a remote way, a relation of his."

"So I have heard," murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"I was, perhaps, almost the only friend Mr. Trevenion possessed—I mean that he was a particularly reserved and solitary sort of man, and I was the only one permitted to share his confidence; in a word, Mrs. Fermor, I was always taught to consider myself Mr. Trevenion's heir."

"We always understood that, did we not, Dulcie?" says Mrs. Fermor, addressing the silent figure in desperation.

Dulcie merely nods her head, and leans further back in the soft cushions.

"That is specially forbidden," he says; "there is to be no compromise." He pauses, and looks at Mrs. Fermor, who falls into a nervous fit of dejection.

"I—I didn't know all this," she says; "what is to be done? Dulcie, do you quite understand?"

"Perfectly," says Dulcie; "and Sir Hugh knows my decision already."

Mrs. Fermor wrings her hands. "My dear, my dear!"

Sir Hugh smiles, grimly. "There is no cause for alarm, Mrs. Fermor. It is not in Miss Dorrimore's power to decide and settle the matter so hastily. Mr. Trevenion, probably knowing something of your niece's impetuosity, has provided against any precipitant decision. He has willed that no decision shall be given for six months."

Dulcie laughs, softly. "Six months hence! It is a long time to wait, but there is no need for Sir Hugh to feel apprehensive."

Sir Hugh bites his lip.

"He specially provided against a sudden engagement. He wished us to know something of each other, and there is a clause in his will which makes that knowledge obtainable—I'll read it. No, I can explain it more easily. In a word, then, he desires that Miss Dorrimore may take up her residence at Holme Castle for six months, and—and to learn something of the family which he wishes her to enter."

Mrs. Fermor begins to tremble and grow moist about the eyes at once. Dulcie turns pale and sits up with sudden alacrity.

"And where may Holme Castle be?" she demands.

"Holme Castle," he replies, "is in Walsingham—"

"In Walsingham," echoes Dulcie, "and to whom does it belong? Who lives there?"

"It belongs to me," he says, quietly. "It is the family seat. At present my mother and two sisters live there; they have lived there for years, since my father's death."

Dulcie stares at him.

"And—I am to go and live with them for six months!" she exclaims, in a low voice, pregnant with astonishment.

He inclines his head.

She leans back and a ripple of low, soft, silvery laughter floats from her lips. Then she sits up suddenly, before Mrs. Fermor can express her horror.

"And suppose I decline to do that?" He shrugs his shoulders and looks—well, hurt, and wounded.

"Well," he says, "I must confess that I did not foresee such a contingency. If you knew my mother, my people, I think—"

She colors, and for the first time her eyes droop.

"I—I did not mean that I would decline," she says, rather falteringly. "I am sure they are very nice people."

"Thanks," he says, imitating her former tone.

And she colors again.

"But they may not like me."

"Thanks," softly, and more exasperatingly.

"Or," he continues, as if stung with it, "it should have been left to some one else without this ridiculous condition."

"It is very embarrassing," says poor Mrs. Fermor, trembling for she sees, what he does not, the flash in Dulcie's eyes, the rising color in her cheeks.

"But that is not all," he says. "Of course, Mr. Trevenion knew that he could not compel Miss Dorrimore to marry me—"

"Or you to marry Miss Dorrimore," puts in the voice.

"Exactly," he says, quietly, but with a sudden hush; "consequently he made these conditions—if Miss Dorrimore declines to marry me I am to take the whole of the property, and there's an end of it. If I decline to marry Miss Dorrimore, the property goes to various charities."

"Oh!" exclaims Mrs. Fermor, aghast, and not very charitably; "that would be a great pity."

"I think so," he says, curtly and emphatically.

"Couldn't Miss Dorrimore and Sir Hugh Falconer, both being of the same minds, share the money?" puts in the sweet voice.

Sir Hugh shakes his head.

"That is specially forbidden," he says; "there is to be no compromise." He pauses, and looks at Mrs. Fermor, who falls into a nervous fit of dejection.

"I—I didn't know all this," she says; "what is to be done? Dulcie, do you quite understand?"

"Perfectly," says Dulcie; "and Sir Hugh knows my decision already."

Mrs. Fermor wrings her hands. "My dear, my dear!"

Sir Hugh smiles, grimly. "There is no cause for alarm, Mrs. Fermor. It is not in Miss Dorrimore's power to decide and settle the matter so hastily. Mr. Trevenion, probably knowing something of your niece's impetuosity, has provided against any precipitant decision. He has willed that no decision shall be given for six months."

Dulcie laughs, softly. "Six months hence! It is a long time to wait, but there is no need for Sir Hugh to feel apprehensive."

Sir Hugh bites his lip.

"He specially provided against a sudden engagement. He wished us to know something of each other, and there is a clause in his will which makes that knowledge obtainable—I'll read it. No, I can explain it more easily. In a word, then, he desires that Miss Dorrimore may take up her residence at Holme Castle for six months, and—and to learn something of the family which he wishes her to enter."

Mrs. Fermor begins to tremble and grow moist about the eyes at once. Dulcie turns pale and sits up with sudden alacrity.

"And where may Holme Castle be?" she demands.

"Holme Castle," he replies, "is in Walsingham—"

"In Walsingham," echoes Dulcie, "and to whom does it belong? Who lives there?"

"It belongs to me," he says, quietly. "It is the family seat. At present my mother and two sisters live there; they have lived there for years, since my father's death."

Dulcie stares at him.

"And—I am to go and live with them for six months!" she exclaims, in a low voice, pregnant with astonishment.

He inclines his head.

She leans back and a ripple of low, soft, silvery laughter floats from her lips. Then she sits up suddenly, before Mrs. Fermor can express her horror.

"Can there be a doubt on that point?" he says, with fine sarcasm, which makes her rosy red and flashing again.

"And I may not like them."

"It is possible," he says; "at any rate you can try the experiment. I imagine Mrs. Fermor would join me in advising you to follow this small wish of your uncle's at least."

She sits waving her fan to and fro, the color coming and going in her face; then she rises suddenly and paces the room, an exquisite picture of natural grace and agitation. Suddenly she stops near the moek and anxious figure, and lays her hand gently on the trembling shoulder.

"And—and aunt?" she says. "Am I to leave her? No!"

For the first time there is a touch of feeling in her voice and in her eyes, and it makes the beauty of her face wonderfully soft and strangely charming.

Sir Hugh's eyes drop beneath that touching glance.

"Certainly not," he says. "Mrs. Fermor, I trust, will accompany you."

Dulcie looks down at her.

"Well, aunt?"

Mrs. Fermor touches the white, slender hand resting on her shoulder.

"Certainly you must go, my dear; and it is very kind of Sir Hugh to include me. I—I should not like to be parted."

"Certainly not," says Sir Hugh; then he starts, for the sweet, defiant laugh breaks out.

"And yet twenty times a day you have told me, you surely old dear, that I am bringing your gray hairs—you haven't one in your head—in sorrow to the grave!"

Mrs. Fermor smiles apologetically at Sir Hugh, who smiles under his mustache.

"Then I take it that you accept?" he says, putting the will in his pocket.

"Not at all," says Dulcie, with delicious promptitude.

"Oh," he says.

"No," she retorts. "Aunt and I will consider it, and let you know."

"When?" he asks, curiously.

"Some day, say months hence," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

He rises grim and solemn, his handsome face expressing finely-trained patience.

"My dear Dulcie!" murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"Well, to-morrow morning, then," she says, grudgingly.

He sighs.

"Very good. May I wait upon you to-morrow to hear your decision."

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Fermor. "You—you have been very kind, and—patient, Sir Hugh."

"Not at all," he says, meaning that he has. "And by the way, I forgot to mention that the will provides that, in case Miss Dorrimore accepts the invitation to Holme, a sum of money is to be handed to her—to defray expenses, for pocket-money, and that sort of thing."

(To be Continued.)

"Thanks," softly, and more exasperatingly.

"Or," he continues, as if stung with it, "it should have been left to some one else without this ridiculous condition."

"It is very embarrassing," says poor Mrs. Fermor, trembling for she sees, what he does not, the flash in Dulcie's eyes, the rising color in her cheeks.

"But that is not all," he says. "Of course, Mr. Trevenion knew that he could not compel Miss Dorrimore to marry me—"

"Or you to marry Miss Dorrimore," puts in the voice.

"Exactly," he says, quietly, but with a sudden hush; "consequently he made these conditions—if Miss Dorrimore declines to marry me I am to take the whole of the property, and there's an end of it. If I decline to marry Miss Dorrimore, the property goes to various charities."

"Oh!" exclaims Mrs. Fermor, aghast, and not very charitably; "that would be a great pity."

"I think so," he says, curtly and emphatically.

"Couldn't Miss Dorrimore and Sir Hugh Falconer, both being of the same minds, share the money?" puts in the sweet voice.

Sir Hugh shakes his head.

"That is specially forbidden," he says; "there is to be no compromise." He pauses, and looks at Mrs. Fermor, who falls into a nervous fit of dejection.

"I—I didn't know all this," she says; "what is to be done? Dulcie, do you quite understand?"

"Perfectly," says Dulcie; "and Sir Hugh knows my decision already."

Mrs. Fermor wrings her hands. "My dear, my dear!"

Sir Hugh smiles, grimly. "There is no cause for alarm, Mrs. Fermor. It is not in Miss Dorrimore's power to decide and settle the matter so hastily. Mr. Trevenion, probably knowing something of your niece's impetuosity, has provided against any precipitant decision. He has willed that no decision shall be given for six months."

Dulcie laughs, softly. "Six months hence! It is a long time to wait, but there is no need for Sir Hugh to feel apprehensive."

Sir Hugh bites his lip.

"He specially provided against a sudden engagement. He wished us to know something of each other, and there is a clause in his will which makes that knowledge obtainable—I'll read it. No, I can explain it more easily. In a word, then, he desires that Miss Dorrimore may take up her residence at Holme Castle for six months, and—and to learn something of the family which he wishes her to enter."

Mrs. Fermor begins to tremble and grow moist about the eyes at once. Dulcie turns pale and sits up with sudden alacrity.

"And where may Holme Castle be?" she demands.

"Holme Castle," he replies, "is in Walsingham—"

"In Walsingham," echoes Dulcie, "and to whom does it belong? Who lives there?"

"It belongs to me," he says, quietly. "It is the family seat. At present my mother and two sisters live there; they have lived there for years, since my father's death."

Dulcie stares at him.

"And—I am to go and live with them for six months!" she exclaims, in a low voice, pregnant with astonishment.

He inclines his head.

She leans back and a ripple of low, soft, silvery laughter floats from her lips. Then she sits up suddenly, before Mrs. Fermor can express her horror.

"Can there be a doubt on that point?" he says, with fine sarcasm, which makes her rosy red and flashing again.

"And I may not like them."

"It is possible," he says; "at any rate you can try the experiment. I imagine Mrs. Fermor would join me in advising you to follow this small wish of your uncle's at least."

She sits waving her fan to and fro, the color coming and going in her face; then she rises suddenly and paces the room, an exquisite picture of natural grace and agitation. Suddenly she stops near the moek and anxious figure, and lays her hand gently on the trembling shoulder.

"And—and aunt?" she says. "Am I to leave her? No!"

For the first time there is a touch of feeling in her voice and in her eyes, and it makes the beauty of her face wonderfully soft and strangely charming.

Sir Hugh's eyes drop beneath that touching glance.

"Certainly not," he says. "Mrs. Fermor, I trust, will accompany you."

Dulcie looks down at her.

"Well, aunt?"

Mrs. Fermor touches the white, slender hand resting on her shoulder.

"Certainly you must go, my dear; and it is very kind of Sir Hugh to include me. I—I should not like to be parted."

"Certainly not," says Sir Hugh; then he starts, for the sweet, defiant laugh breaks out.

"And yet twenty times a day you have told me, you surely old dear, that I am bringing your gray hairs—you haven't one in your head—in sorrow to the grave!"

Mrs. Fermor smiles apologetically at Sir Hugh, who smiles under his mustache.

"Then I take it that you accept?" he says, putting the will in his pocket.

"Not at all," says Dulcie, with delicious promptitude.

"Oh," he says.

"No," she retorts. "Aunt and I will consider it, and let you know."

"When?" he asks, curiously.

"Some day, say months hence," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

He rises grim and solemn, his handsome face expressing finely-trained patience.

"My dear Dulcie!" murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"Well, to-morrow morning, then," she says, grudgingly.

He sighs.

"Very good. May I wait upon you to-morrow to hear your decision."

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Fermor. "You—you have been very kind, and—patient, Sir Hugh."

"Not at all," he says, meaning that he has. "And by the way, I forgot to mention that the will provides that, in case Miss Dorrimore accepts the invitation to Holme, a sum of money is to be handed to her—to defray expenses, for pocket-money, and that sort of thing."

(To be Continued.)

"Can there be a doubt on that point?" he says, with fine sarcasm, which makes her rosy red and flashing again.

"And I may not like them."

"It is possible," he says; "at any rate you can try the experiment. I imagine Mrs. Fermor would join me in advising you to follow this small wish of your uncle's at least."

She sits waving her fan to and fro, the color coming and going in her face; then she rises suddenly and paces the room, an exquisite picture of natural grace and agitation. Suddenly she stops near the moek and anxious figure, and lays her hand gently on the trembling shoulder.

"And—and aunt?" she says. "Am I to leave her? No!"

For the first time there is a touch of feeling in her voice and in her eyes, and it makes the beauty of her face wonderfully soft and strangely charming.

Sir Hugh's eyes drop beneath that touching glance.

"Certainly not," he says. "Mrs. Fermor, I trust, will accompany you."

Dulcie looks down at her.

"Well, aunt?"

Mrs. Fermor touches the white, slender hand resting on her shoulder.

"Certainly you must go, my dear; and it is very kind of Sir Hugh to include me. I—I should not like to be parted."

"Certainly not," says Sir Hugh; then he starts, for the sweet, defiant laugh breaks out.

"And yet twenty times a day you have told me, you surely old dear, that I am bringing your gray hairs—you haven't one in your head—in sorrow to the grave!"

Mrs. Fermor smiles apologetically at Sir Hugh, who smiles under his mustache.

"Then I take it that you accept?" he says, putting the will in his pocket.

"Not at all," says Dulcie, with delicious promptitude.

"Oh," he says.

"No," she retorts. "Aunt and I will consider it, and let you know."

"When?" he asks, curiously.

"Some day, say months hence," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

He rises grim and solemn, his handsome face expressing finely-trained patience.

"My dear Dulcie!" murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"Well, to-morrow morning, then," she says, grudgingly.

He sighs.

"Very good. May I wait upon you to-morrow to hear your decision."

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Fermor. "You—you have been very kind, and—patient, Sir Hugh."

"Not at all," he says, meaning that he has. "And by the way, I forgot to mention that the will provides that, in case Miss Dorrimore accepts the invitation to Holme, a sum of money is to be handed to her—to defray expenses, for pocket-money, and that sort of thing."

(To be Continued.)

"Can there be a doubt on that point?" he says, with fine sarcasm, which makes her rosy red and flashing again.

"And I may not like them."

"It is possible," he says; "at any rate you can try the experiment. I imagine Mrs. Fermor would join me in advising you to follow this small wish of your uncle's at least."

She sits waving her fan to and fro, the color coming and going in her face; then she rises suddenly and paces the room, an exquisite picture of natural grace and agitation. Suddenly she stops near the moek and anxious figure, and lays her hand gently on the trembling shoulder.

"And—and aunt?" she says. "Am I to leave her? No!"

For the first time there is a touch of feeling in her voice and in her eyes, and it makes the beauty of her face wonderfully soft and strangely charming.

Sir Hugh's eyes drop beneath that touching glance.

"Certainly not," he says. "Mrs. Fermor, I trust, will accompany you."

Dulcie looks down at her.

"Well, aunt?"

Mrs. Fermor touches the white, slender hand resting on her shoulder.

"Certainly you must go, my dear; and it is very kind of Sir Hugh to include me. I—I should not like to be parted."

"Certainly not," says Sir Hugh; then he starts, for the sweet, defiant laugh breaks out.

"And yet twenty times a day you have told me, you surely old dear, that I am bringing your gray hairs—you haven't one in your head—in sorrow to the grave!"

Mrs. Fermor smiles apologetically at Sir Hugh, who smiles under his mustache.

"Then I take it that you accept?" he says, putting the will in his pocket.

"Not at all," says Dulcie, with delicious promptitude.

"Oh," he says.

"No," she retorts. "Aunt and I will consider it, and let you know."

"When?" he asks, curiously.

"Some day, say months hence," she says, with a twinkle in her eyes.

He rises grim and solemn, his handsome face expressing finely-trained patience.

"My dear Dulcie!" murmurs Mrs. Fermor.

"Well, to-morrow morning, then," she says, grudgingly.

He sighs.

"Very good. May I wait upon you to-morrow to hear your decision."

"Thank you very much," says Mrs. Fermor. "You—you have been very kind, and—patient, Sir Hugh."

"Not at all," he says, meaning that he has. "And by the way, I forgot to mention that the will provides that, in case Miss Dorrimore accepts the invitation to Holme, a sum of money is to be handed to her—to defray expenses, for pocket-money, and that sort of thing."

(To be Continued.)

Are You Acquainted with this Salt?

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

## Ladies' New Fall HATS!

A Small Shipment Just Opened.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear  
**FELT HATS,**  
Newest Shapes & Colours, and  
**Black Velour Sailors.**  
All New York's  
**LATEST STYLES.**

Children's Coloured  
**CORDUROY HATS,**  
Assorted Colours, 40c. each.

Child's Plush Tams,  
In Navy, Cardinal and Green,  
**\$1.20 each.**

# STEER Brothers

## Bedsteads, Springs, Mattresses

We have just received a large shipment of Bedsteads ranging in price from \$5.50 to \$20.00. Extra good value, being bought before the recent rise in price. We are selling at our usually low prices. We have also the Combination Lath and Spring Bed, the only thing of its kind on the market. Get our prices before buying, sure.

**WHITE ENAMEL with Brass Trimmings, well made very reliable.**

Some exclusive patterns.

In Springs we have the Ideal, the acme of perfection, 120 continuous springs securely fastened to solid steel frame, makes it the most durable spring on the market.

The Improved Oxford is a Spring we also recommend very strongly, being made of steel wire compressed over, and one continuous weave makes it a very strong and lasting Spring. We also have the Woven Wire Spring from \$2.00 up.

**The NEVER-SPREAD Mattress.**

This represents the chief advance in the past decade of Mattress manufacture. The construction of narrow bands, five crosswise, two lengthwise, which encircle the Mattress over the felt and under the ticking to which they are fastened. These bands are stitched and cut to finish exact size of Mattress, which therefore cannot stretch, spread or sag. We recommend it as the very latest in Mattress manufacture. Our Fern Felt New Health are also good reliable Mattresses. Nothing but pure cotton wool, and wood fibre is not allowed to enter them. Other Mattresses down to \$2.00 each.

## The C. L. MARCH Co., Ltd.

Corner Water and Springdale Streets.

**Everyday Etiquette.**

"Should one answer a letter which acknowledges your expression of sympathy to one who has a loved one pass away?" asked Mabel. "If so, would you please tell me, or give me some idea, what I should write in answer to the letter?"

"No reply is necessary to your note of condolence. When you have written and received a reply that ends the obligation on both sides," answered her society friend.

**PICKED UP BOAT.**—On his return from the fishing grounds yesterday afternoon, Charles Bradbury, Signal Hill, picked up a fishing boat in Soldier's Gulch, Cuckhold's Cove. There was fishing gear on board the boat, which is now at Woods' dock awaiting an owner.

**Paints, Stains, Oil, Varnishes, Floor Polish, Wax, Mops, Paint Brushes, etc., to be had at BOWRING BROS., Ltd., Hardware Dept.—may 25, eod, tr**

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May, and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveller.

The only Film fit for a Kodak is **EASTMAN FILM.**

Dependable, Uniform, Fast.

Our supply in all sizes is complete—get your film here for the holiday.

**TOOTON'S,**  
The Kodak Store, 37 Water Street.

## War News

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17. General Alexiev's appointment as supreme command of the Russian army will be followed by a general re-organization, in which old Generals will give place to new ones. The first definite news of re-organization was received at the Russian Embassy front to the German foe. The confidence of the troops is being restored by the removal of some Generals. The despatches said the situation was rapidly clearing. The Cossack Government is not considered serious any longer, although it is not over. The Government is in a shape now, officials said, to quit anything in the nature of a general revolution, and can present a united front to the German foe. The military situation is said to be progressing satisfactorily, and the armies are fulfilling their task of keeping many Germans as possible on the Russian front. This is indicated by a report that Germany now has not troops than ever on the Russian line. During the last four days Russian troops have regained four miles of territory on the northern front.

RUSSIAN DIFFICULTIES.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 17. The troops which rebelled with Korniloff have nearly all returned to their former positions. The 1st Cavalry division, now under command of General Bloytzeff, is on its way back to the front. It is expected that the situation as regards General Kaledines will be cleared up to-day. News papers report that the General has telegraphed the Government that he does not intend to revolt, but that the Government is said to have declined to the contrary. Kaledines went to Novo Tcherkask from Rosiev with a guard of Cossacks and junkies while his adherents guarded the road over which he travelled. In reply to an order from Premier Kerensky that he be arrested, the Cossacks said they could not do so as the General was to speak at the Cossack Congress at Novo Tcherkask to-day. Hearing that Premier Kerensky had forbidden the Cossacks' Congress and had arrested General Kaledines from his position as Hetman of the Cossacks.

## BULL R

NEVER GOT PAN THE